



## A NEW SONG CALLED THE PUBLICAN'S LAMENT

As I was walking up Pimlico way  
A publican's wife I heard sorely complain  
In a mournful accent these words did explain  
I'm pining in anguish this fortnight  
For porter or whiskey we are getting no call  
I fear there's no use in housekeeping at all  
The most of my things I have stuck in the pawn,  
I fear I can never release them

Since Father died it was easy for me  
To sit to our breakfast bread butter and tea  
While the poor drunkard's children were in poverty  
And I spending their fathers earning,  
I had servants to wait for a rap in the hall,  
And quarters of beef coming in from the stall,  
My pocket-book ready at every call,  
But alas now my pocket is empty

Before Father Mack began temperance I had money  
to spare

Fit beef in my pot, free from trouble or care  
A large crinoline in the fashion I'd wear  
And all by the drunkard's expence  
Inside my shop window there hung a fine screen,  
The like with my mother I never have seen  
A two-arm chair that was fit for the queen  
And every thing that that I wanted

When down to the well with my friends I could go  
To skip like a lady the time passed away  
To inhale the fresh breeze 'ot the water  
My husband in fashion could dress like a squire  
With his watch in his fob and his shins by the fire  
A long pipe in his gob without pension or care  
And all by the poor drunkards wages

It grieves me to see those men passing my door  
Well clad that was naked and tattered before  
Ruang to me for a uoggin in score  
before the delight in the morning  
Now to my grief I am sorry to say  
Those foolish men left me this many a long day  
Its from me like the foam of the of the sea  
Which leaves me alas to mourning

She cries when she looks at her black book account  
Of debts that were entered to a certain amount  
That she never will ge' nor the sight of discount  
The fortune she had for her daughter  
She swore on her oath that she'd rather be dead  
Than eating the lumpers instead of good bread  
Her stomach is weak there's a pain in her head  
Since she got the tea in the morning

Now to conclude and to finish my song  
An advice I would give give to every man  
Get a cup of tea and a steak in the pan  
For the price of this whiskey and porter  
Believe me for truth if from drink you refrain  
Your children and wife can walk out neat and clean  
You know that your purses they often have drained  
And your doom at the end is the bride-wail